

Seniors Stage Annual Formal February 19

**New Draft Calls Sent Out;
 Seniors Issue Tickets to
 Last Class Dance of Year**

Seniors Mobilize to Hold the Dance of the Year—Tickets On Sale Monday, February 15

You are being drafted—to the Senior class dance. Of course, you haven't seen the programs as yet, but they are in the form of draft calls. Most of the boys will know all about such items, but few of the girls have ever seen one, so this is their big chance, and they shouldn't miss it. The Executive of the Senior class has been working overtime for weeks, and nothing has been overlooked which could add another minute of enjoyment to your evening. The mere thought of dancing from 9-12 in

**Canadian Sec'y
 I.S.S. Will Visit
 University Soon**
Dale Brown Coming Here

Dale Brown, Canadian Secretary of the International Student Service, will visit the University of Alberta campus in the near future. Students will be permitted to learn at first hand of the work which is being carried on in this country by student relief organizations. Mr. Brown is planning his annual tour of Western Canadian prison camps, and on this trip he will pay the campus a visit.

Educational relief is carried on by the International Student Service in prison camps all over the world. Access to these camps is made possible through the 1929 Geneva Convention for prisoners of war, which makes provision for the International Y.M.C.A. and the International Red Cross to assist in supplying the necessary physical equipment for organizing and maintaining a complete welfare program. The I.S.S. is allowed into the camps for specialized educational work under the International Y.M.C.A.

In Canada, 90 interned refugees completed their McGill Junior and Senior Matriculation examinations during the summers of 1941 and 1942, with the assistance of International Student Service. Schools in many other internment camps are being supported through books and other essentials made available from the funds raised.

In Europe recently, a supply of laboratory equipment was made available for the University of Kharkov, which has been moved back behind the Russian lines. The only Polish universities in existence today are those sponsored by the European Student Relief Fund in the internment centres in Switzerland.

Mr. Brown is one of many travelling secretaries who visit prison camps in many countries, arranging and encouraging educational work in the camp schools. Last year, through the co-operation of the Y.M.C.A. and the Red Cross, arrangements were made for English and Canadian prisoners of war in Germany to take Oxford, Cambridge and University of London examinations. The International Student Service is acting as agent for this work.

The students of the University of Alberta have made generous contributions to the International Student Service in the past. They will now receive first-hand information of how their money has been used.

**Inflation Topic
 Of Payne, Astle,
 Economics Club**

Of great present-day interest, "Canada's Battle Against Inflation" was the topic of the papers presented by Bill Astle and Bill Payne at the February 3rd meeting of the Men's Economic Club.

The papers were an elaboration of the five principal means of controlling inflation: Borrowing, Taxation, Supply Control, Price Control and Wage Control. It was noted that under the present tax system, total tax revenue has increased to four times the pre-war level and income tax revenue has increased nine times. In connection with price subsidy, the annual rate of distribution now exceeds 110 millions annually.

Mr. Astle and Mr. Payne were of the opinion that rationing would be extended in Canada in the near future.

The meeting took place at the home of Prof. Hewetson. Election of officers for 1943-44 was held. The new president will be Bill Astle, Jim Andrews was elected secretary, and Ian Crawford is treasurer.

the ballroom of the Macdonald Hotel, to the strains of Cec Cameron's orchestra, should make your feet begin to itch at least a week before the great event—which is scheduled for Friday, Feb. 19.

The dance provides a special opportunity for the Meds and Dents to blossom forth, since it is one of the few dances of the year which they can attend with easy consciences. Not only every Senior, but every undergraduate, will want to be there, and as tickets are being limited in order that everyone will enjoy the best evening of dancing possible, you are advised to get your tickets early. Tickets go on sale Monday for Seniors, and may be obtained Tuesday and Wednesday by members of other classes. The price is \$2.00 a couple.

For those of us blessed with cars but no gas or tires, and for those without cars, busses will leave the Tuck Shop at 8:15 p.m., making a circuit down 112th St. to 82nd Ave., down 82nd Ave. to 109th St., and so across town. Parties may be picked up at any corner on this route. A schedule will be posted in the Arts and Med buildings, indicating the time the bus will pass each corner. This will avoid long waits and cold feet.

Dress is semi-formal.

PHILOSOPHIC MEETING

Second meeting of the Philosophical Society for 1943 will be held next Wednesday, February 17, in Med 142, at 8:15 p.m. The speaker of the evening will be G. M. Blackstock, Esq., K.C., Chairman of the Board of Public Utility Commissioners. With his wide background of public experience, members of the Society are assured an interesting address when he speaks to them Wednesday on the topic, "Administrative Boards and Their Functions."

**U. of S. Reports Record Number of
 Students; 164 to Go; 59 More Leave**

One hundred and sixty-four students from the University of Saskatchewan are being reported to the District Officer Commanding the local military district. Of this number, 65 are Engineers, 48 Artsmen, 14 from Regina College. The remainder were made up of Agriculture, Pharmacy, and Accounting students.

Christmas examinations at the University of Saskatchewan were delayed until the last week of January since the University did not open until late in October in order to allow the students to assist in the wheat harvest.

**Beveridge Plan
 At Women's Club**

Miss Sophia Gogek Presents Paper

"The plan for Social Security," said Miss Sophia Gogek in a paper on the "Beveridge Plan" given at a meeting of the Women's Political Economics Club on Tuesday night at the Theta house, "is a plan to abolish want, i.e., to insure that every member of the community shall at all times have an income sufficient for subsistence."

This report by Sir William Beveridge on Social Insurance and Allied Services discusses ideas for post-war reconstruction.

Furthermore, "It (the plan) represents an attempt to turn the Atlantic Charter's promise of social security from words into deeds," Miss Gogek dealt with the methods for following the plan, the assumptions and difficulties arising from it.

Result of elections of officers for the next year was: Leonora Pearson, president; Janet Pearson, secretary-treasurer; Win Chesney, archivist.

Guests at the meeting were some of the Freshettes in Commerce. Miss June McCaig served lunch. The next meeting will be a joint meeting with the Men's Political Science Club early in March.

**Whizz Kids Quizzed on
 New CKUA Program**

Quiz-master of Ceremies Evelyn Peterson and Scorekeeper George Hardy proved an almost unbeatable combination last Friday when the first in the new series of Varsity Quiz programs was presented.

The diminutive Miss Peterson introduced the four contestants from the different campus organizations. Ruth McCuaig, a House Ecce, was the star of the broadcast, although Ed Sleath of the A.K.K. fraternity, managed to tie up the score at the end, so they both have 26 points. Representing the Co-ed Club and the Engineering Students' Society were Marguerite Hayes and Jack Forester.

This was the first in a series of weekly competitions, where four representatives from various organizations will uphold the honor of their clubs. The four master-minds with the highest scores at the end of the series will compete for a trophy. The Varsity Quiz is conducted along the lines of the "Information, Please!" program, where the first participant with his or her hand up can answer the question. At last Friday's broadcast the quiz kids seemed a little shy about getting their hands up first, but with a little

**French Club To
 Entertain Public
 Feb. 20, Con Hall**

Sketch, Song, Play to Feature On Program

Marking the re-entry of France on the side of the United Nations into the present world struggle, "Soirée Française" will be presented in Convocation Hall. The evening will begin at 8:15 Saturday, Feb. 20th.

The program is under the auspices of the Cercle Français and the Comité France-Canada. Guests of honor will include Hon. L. Maynard, Minister for Municipal Affairs, Hon. F. Ford, President of Comité France-Canada, Dr. R. Newton, Hon. Dr. A. Blais, Rev. P. Patoiné.

An entertaining program has been arranged. Mrs. Margaret Gold Brine will lead in the singing of the French National Anthem, and during the evening will sing La Madelon. Erma McCoy and Gordon MacKenzie will present a short sketch, "Madame Requit." A one-act comedy by Tristan Bernard, directed by Alex Snowdon, will be the main item on the program. The cast will include Elsie Tanner, Jean Eagleson, Victor Graham, Jack Boorman, Robert Davidson, Alex Snowdon and N. J. Campbell. Fred Simpson is stage manager.

Admission for students and service men is 25c.

more support from the studio audience in the form of friends from the organizations they represent, this difficulty should be overcome. The director of the program, George Hardy, says that there is plenty of room for more in the studio audience, and invites students to come up and support their clubs.

Quiz questions are asked on a variety of subjects to provide every opportunity for the different reps to get them. Last week nobody knew that the famous "Flirtation Walk" was at West Point, or that Antony called Brutus the "noblest Roman of them all." But one would-be Levant really fell for the question Evelyn Peterson put so innocently—what is the name of that raised printing they have for deaf and dumb people? Did you say Braille? Sorry, that's for the blind, not for the deaf and dumb.

To add variety to the program, four recordings were played, and the contestants were asked to identify them. Marguerite Hayes managed to get two of the four. She guessed "My Gal Sal" and "Flight of the Bumble Bee." Ruth McCuaig got "Five O'Clock Whistle" and Jack Forester named "Moonlight Cocktail."

**C.O.T.C. Members Have Positions
 Defined at Conference of Heads**

Men to Go Active Service Immediately Upon Graduation

SASKATOON, Sask., Feb. 11 (C.U.P.)—A number of decisions of interest to the male student body were reached at the Conference of Officers Commanding the C.O.T.C. Contingent held in Ottawa on Sunday, January 10. The University of Saskatchewan was represented at the conference by Major H. H. Ferns.

One topic under discussion members of the Canadian Army of the term. Last year some of the Active members waited almost all summer before receiving their appointments to the various Dominion Officers' Training Schools. This spring, men who are going Active will be absorbed by a Basic Training Centre immediately on the closing of the school term. With the rank of Cadet, they will await their appointments while actually in the Army.

With regard to campus training, a decision was made to place the control of all male Armed Forces Units, Army or Air Force, under a centralized command. With this was discussed the tendency prevalent in most of the universities to disband the Auxiliary Battalion as such, and to transfer the personnel of these units into the C.O.T.C. proper.

Another change regarding the length of the camp period was recommended and is still under discussion. Up until this year the required training has been a period of 15 days per year at the local headquarters (in this case the University), followed by a period of 15 days per year to be served at a summer training camp. The Reserve Units of the Canadian Army have added to this period a further 10 days which are served at the local H.Q. This ruling did not affect the C. O. T. C., but its officials have considered that a further 10 days would be beneficial, and since any increase in the time spent at local H.Q. seems out of the question, it was suggested that the 10 day increase be added to the camp service period. As before state, this matter is under consideration and is not official.

Last year students in 3rd year Mechanical Engineering wishing to go into the Ordnance Corps were given the opportunity of spending 5 months in the Active Army at Brockwell, taking instructions in their work. A similar opening was given to honor students in Physics and Engineering Physics who were planning to enter the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals. This year, it is hoped, the plan will be extended to include 3rd year and possibly 2nd year Engineers who wish to join the Royal Canadian Engineers on graduation.

Col. Ralston, the Minister of Defence, headed the Convention and stated that the justification for students remaining on the campus was not a matter for National Defence Headquarters to decide, but rather a problem to be met by the united decisions of Canadian universities.

LONDON, Ont., Feb. 10 (C.U.P.)—Twenty-two of the total of fifty-five students required to leave Western because of unsatisfactory academic standing were students of University College, it was revealed this week.

Of these twenty-two, two were women. Unlike the men, there is no compulsion by which they are forced to enter the armed services. They need not even go to work unless they want to. On the other hand, the men, if physically fit, immediately become

AT WASHINGTON



Max H. Wershof, Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway 1927-'28, and a former Edmonton barrister, has been appointed a secretary to the Canadian Legation at Washington. He left Edmonton about five years ago and has been working with the Department of External Affairs at Ottawa as assistant to the legal adviser.

**Seventh Successive Gilbert
 And Sullivan Operetta Opens
 In Con. Hall, Feb. 25, 26, 27**

Jamison, Swann, Smith Male Leads

**KAY ZENDER, BERNICE McBETH, NORMA MADILL,
 SHIRLEY NEHR HAVE OUTSTANDING LEADS**

Because Edmonton has given such an enthusiastic reception to Gilbert and Sullivan for the past seven years, the Philharmonic Society of the University of Alberta is proud to announce the presentation of "The Gondoliers" on February 25th, 26th and 27th.

The scene of this entertaining operetta is laid in Venice about 1750, when life was carefree and the gondoliers could pass their time in love-making and singing. The story would probably not have been written in song if the King of Barataria had not become a Methodist, which prompted the Grand Inquisitor to steal the Crown Prince, who was just a boy at the time. The Inquisitor leaves the Crown Prince in the care of an old Gondolier to raise with his own son, but the old man dies, and there is no way of telling which is the royal heir. The operetta opens years later when the Duke of Plaza-Toro visits Venice in search of the Crown Prince. The King is dead and the Duke wants to find the heir to the throne. The charges of the old Gondolier are now handsome young men. They are both married to flower girls of Venice.

The two Gondoliers decide to rule Barataria jointly until it can be decided which is really King. All is progressing merrily until the Crown Prince's foster-mother is found, and it is learned that neither of the young Gondoliers is the royal prince, but that the Duke's Drummer is really the heir to the throne. He is in love with the Duke's daughter, so they are married and live happily ever after, and the carefree Gondoliers return to Venice to their pretty young wives.

Miss Shirley Nehr needs no introduction to Edmontonians. She is well-known for her delightful performances in Empire Opera productions. She has sung in "The Gypsy Baron," "The Bartered Bride" and "The Bat." She will play the part of Casilda, the Duke's daughter.

Miss Kay Zender and Miss Bernice McBeth will be Ginetta and Tessa, the pretty young brides of the two handsome Gondoliers. Miss Zender has many outstanding performances to her credit in Edmonton in civic opera. Miss McBeth is well-known to University students, having appeared in Convocation Hall for the University Musical Club.

Miss Norma Madill, who has a lovely contralto voice, is cast in the role of the Duchess of Plaza-Toro. Her voice, too, will be familiar to music-lovers.

Mr. Ralph Jamison has a major role in the Grand Inquisitor. Rich Swann and Bill Smith are cast as the two Gondoliers, Guiseppi and Marco. Colin Corkum will be the Duke of Plaza-Toro and Bert Loree will be Luiz, the Duke's Drummer.

There are a total of 17 leads, and a huge cast of over 100. The Philharmonic 35-piece orchestra is under the direction of Mr. Walter Holowach. Mr. A. Kevan is in charge of the chorus, and Mr. T. Dalkin, who has been in charge of staging and production of the successes in the past few years presented by the Philharmonic Society, will again be producer.

For the benefit of over-towners, the society has arranged for a late bus service after the show.

Students are privileged in getting the best seats, as tickets will go on sale at the University in the basement of the Arts Building, Friday morning, Feb. 19th. They are advised to take advantage of this opportunity since once the tickets go on sale at Heintzman's on Friday afternoon they will probably move quite rapidly. Students unable to get their tickets early and wanting good seats can usually get them for the Thursday evening or Saturday afternoon performances, since the general public seems to prefer Friday and Saturday evenings.

The Gondoliers will be presented Thursday, Friday, Saturday evenings and Saturday afternoon, Feb. 25th, 26th and 27. Admission, 25c-\$1.00.

**Varsity Quizz
 CKUA At 4:45**

Listen to Varsity Quiz over CKUA Friday afternoon at 4:45. Representatives will be June McCaig from the Theta fraternity, June-Ray Joslin of the Nursing Club, Bob Schrader from the Students' Council, and Joe Kastelic of the Ag Club.

GIRLS

There will be a special meeting Saturday at 12 noon, in Arts 236, for all graduating girls to determine whether or not formal dress will be worn for the graduating exercises. This is important! Please attend.

**C.O.T.C. Donates
 One Day's Pay to
 Mobile Canteen**

Air Force Also Subscribes

In response to an appeal from Lloyd Grisdale, President of the Students' Union, the members of the C.O.T.C. donated each one day's private's pay (\$1.20) towards the purchase of a mobile canteen. Mr. Grisdale spoke to the army boys in behalf of Dick Hislop, who is chairman of the War Services Committee.

The total amount raised for the War Fund by this voluntary gesture was \$500. This sum is the first contribution in the drive for \$2,000 with which to purchase the canteen outfit. The drive will open Friday, February 19th, and further plans will be announced soon.

Since last year's drive was successfully terminated in the purchase of a War Ambulance, the Students' Council felt that it would be acting in accordance with student opinion if it should authorize the purchase of a mobile canteen unit. It is noteworthy to observe just what interest the students as a whole show in their attitude towards the war effort. Excessive funds over and above necessary living costs are not possessed by many students. Shortened vacations and speed-up courses have considerably lowered the income of most of them. To sign over a day's pay is a most heartening gesture of student interest, and speaks well of their attitude towards raising money in the war effort.

The War Services Committee was pleased by the unanimous support given by the C.O.T.C. members in this appeal. It is now looking forward to a similar enthusiastic response from the rest of the student body and faculty in order that the drive may reach an early and successful conclusion. There are not many details available on the mobile unit, but it will have a plaque showing that it was a gift of the University as was the ambulance last year.

**Nurses Rename
 Club To Honor
 Agnes McLeod**

For the past six years the University Nurses Club has been known as the B.Sc. Club. Then this year they began to think—after all, the House Ecceers, the Science men, the Chemists, even the 40-beer men have as much right to call their respective clubs the B.Sc. Club. So they decided to look around for a new name for their club. They wracked their brains, they read History of Nursing books, and in desperation even hunted frantically through Greek and Latin texts. No luck—the inspiration just could not be found. Then came the dawn, at their last meeting. They all sat and thought, wrinkled their brows and literally tore their hair out by the roots. The honorary president, Mrs. MsGugan, saw their plight, and said, "Why not call the club after the nurse who founded it, the first director of nurses at the University, Miss Agnes McLeod?" Miss McLeod, who graduated in 1927, was one of the three members of the first graduating class in B.Sc. Nursing.

The idea was greeted with great enthusiasm. Miss McLeod, now a nursing sister serving overseas, is known and liked, and the nurses were delighted at the opportunity to name their club in her honor. So, from now on the McLeod Club, not the B.Sc. Club, will continue to form a strong bond between the nurses during their three years training and their first and last years at Varsity.

THE GATEWAY



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MOST correspondence appearing in the public press seems to be somewhat hostile to the universities and to liberal education during the present period. It is therefore with pleasure that we read the opinions of someone who has taken the time to present the other side of the story. Feeling that this is worth passing on, we are reprinting a letter which appeared recently in the columns of the Calgary Herald:

"With regard to a recent letter from Mr. Harold Scott of Lethbridge, I advise him that any Canadian students resident in the United States for educational purposes are subject to the American draft. Whether these students be undergraduates or post graduates, they must, if called and physically and mentally fit, report for active service.

"I attack Mr. Scott's opinion of education because I believe it is too widespread for the general welfare. There is a shameful prejudice being fast created against liberal education. And this prejudice is presenting to the universities the most serious and unfair challenge they have ever encountered.

"People like Mr. Scott are responsible for the discrimination now being shown towards universities. While university students are compelled to join a reserve unit, the C.O.T.C., war workers are not obliged to join the Canadian Army Reserve. Students who fail their examinations are forced into the army yet war workers who, through stupidity or lack of sympathy with the war effort, damage or destroy valuable machinery or material, continue to be granted draft deferments.

"Mr. Scott is doubtlessly hopeful that the forthcoming poll among University of Alberta students coincides with his view that the institution be closed. That students of an enlightened centre of knowledge and culture in a free democracy like Canada should ever be so apprehensive of their institution's inherent worth, even in time of war, must give Mr. Scott some satisfaction.

"Not only have they given proportionately more recruits to the services than any other group, but the universities will, through the students they train during wartime, comprise Canada's chief anchorage in the crucial post-war era. After the war, while many people like Mr. Scott will don their ideological jodhpurs and ride wild theories off in all directions, the universities will, through their freedom of inquiry, research and accumulated knowledge, maintain this nation's sanity.

"UNIVERSITAS."

Calgary.

(From the McGill Daily)

IT has become apparent in recent weeks that the atmosphere around the university has developed into an unhealthy one. Very little interest is taken in anything in particular, which would seem to indicate a decided tendency toward a loss of what is generally termed a sense of humor. Healthy controversy is non-existent, and such controversy as does exist is of a malicious type in which criticisms are directed toward individuals and not toward principles.

This atmosphere no doubt has been created by the war and its subsequent effects on students as a body, as well as on them as indi-

CASSEROLE



The chilling February premonitions are upon us again.

* * * *

She (belligerently)—Why weren't you at the station with the car to meet me as usual?

He (meekly)—My dear, you ought to get into this habit of meetless days.

* * * *

A woman's most delightful age is seven. At seven she sits on a man's knee without hesitation, affected or genuine, and without putting the knee to sleep. She enjoys listening to him, encourages him to talk, and believes any story he tells. Her curiosity over what became of his hair is sometimes embarrassing, but her sympathy with him in his loss is unquestionably sincere. While unduly interested, perhaps, in the state of his exchequer and never too proud to accept pecuniary aid, she is no gold-digger whose gratitude is measured by the amount of the contribution. For as little as two copper cents she will bear-hug his spectacles all out of shape, and he feels sure she means it. At seven she is more or less front-toothless, to be sure. But then, she doesn't yet chalk her nose or paint her nails, and she hasn't begun to use tobacco. All in all, a charming age!—N.Y.T.

* * * *

Landlord (to prospective tenant)—You know we keep it very quiet and orderly here. Do you have any children?

"No."

"A piano, radio, or victrola?"

"No."

"Do you play any musical instruments? Do you have a dog, cat, or parrot?"

"No, but my fountain pen scratches a little sometimes."

* * * *

Isn't it strange how a little power goes to a landlord's head? Before these days of housing problems, the customer was always right.

* * * *

Even at Winter parties, it's August under your arms!—Ad. in "Cosmopolitan."

* * * *

Prof—A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Stude—No wonder so many of us flunk in our exams!

viduals. When the government instituted its regulation concerning academic standards, it did not, we are sure, foresee the possibility of students acquiring this attitude of indifference, for students cannot study effectively unless they have the will to work.

Evidences of this are seen in the library; true, it is frequented considerably more than in the past, but how effectively is left to the individual to decide. Less time is spent on extracurricular activities, but how usefully this time is spent elsewhere is again left for students to decide.

One fact remains, however, and that is that the campus is uneasy, and something should be done immediately to remove this uneasiness.

FOR some time now, the students of the University, through the Students' Council, have been sending copies of The Gateway to those students from the U. of A., both graduates and those who enlisted before completing their courses, who are on active service on this continent.

From time to time we have received letters of thanks and appreciation from some of these recipients. But today we received one which is particularly inspiring to a staff which is accustomed to very little except criticism. That others may read and ponder, we are printing it immediately below.

The Gateway,
Arts Building, U. of A.,
Edmonton, Alberta.

Dear Sir:

You might consider this letter "off the record" somewhat, but I've been going to write many times to thank you for The Gateway and New Trail issues, which have been coming regularly to me since I've been stationed on the West Coast.

People quote the "Reader's Digest" as one of the best tonics for anyone, whoever he may be or wherever he lives, but I'll take The Gateway any time, and so will the boys who work with me. This may be a long war yet, but a soldier will see it through much easier with you people at home sending papers like The Gateway to him wherever he may be.

So may I thank you again, and hope the U. of A. keeps up the good work to help us in hand with you to win this war.

Yours sincerely,

FRANK M. NEWSON,
Aug. '39-'40.

THE GATEWAY

Universities Turn Out Men Nation Needs; Cultural Courses Waste of Time--Questionnaire

4. In your opinion is the University effectively fulfilling the task of turning out national leaders?

The chief barrier to conclusions on this question is the content given to the term "national leader." The next is whether or not that is the function of the University. Some found it an easy one to answer:

—"Yes, i.e., Roosevelt vs. Hitler." More commonly there was agreement that leaders in specialized fields were not, because

(a) it does not aim to do so;
(b) it therefore has not the facilities.

This criticism is answered in part by the replies to the next question. Several point to the discouragements of extra-curricular activities as hampering the development of potential leadership, others to "the appalling apathy amongst the mass of students on national problems," "no unifying purpose," "no sense of the values of life and our responsibility to the nation," "too much talk and theory," "not enough reality," "No attempts are made to enable leaders or speakers of political groups to express their views to students, or for the students to debate or argue with them."

The most representative comments are:

—"I don't believe it is really turning out many national leaders, but it is turning out men which the nation cannot get along without. Too few students realize that they are the government of tomorrow. Classes should be conducted to make them realize it."

—"No. Our educationalists are by no means definite in their aims. There is very little consideration given to the type of society we wish to create, or the type of citizen who would constitute it."

The total sentiment was negatively inclined, and many expressed concern.

5. Do you think this function (see question 4) of the University could

be improved by:

(a) A compulsory open forum for all students, at which present day problems could be studied?

Such an idea would apparently be welcomed by a substantial majority, but many would be quick to protest against the idea of it being compulsory, and would want to know whether there would be credit for it. Some suggest that there be several small forums, or that they be composed of representative students. Where reasons were stated for a negative vote, they were in the nature of despair of achieving anything by them—"there have been too many sessions of windbags."

(c) Use of seminar methods?

The order is interrupted here, as these two parts are rather closely related and received very much the same kind of response. There would seem to be some need of definition, as one protested that it is "too religious," and many failed to answer it at all. The chief difficulty arises in the shortage of staff, but considerable interest is shown.

(d) A more co-operative student-faculty relationship?

There is little doubt in the minds of these students on this question—they do want to bridge the chasm between faculty and students, for apparently it does exist in some degree. Not many suggestions were offered as to how the better relations could be effected, but one faculty member suggests:

—"Direct staff-student conferences on the primary functions of University education. Believe student criticism, made positively, very valuable."

(b) Additional courses in:

Sociology?—a clear affirmative in every faculty.

Cultural changes and techniques of changes?—almost exactly the same expression as for sociology.

Democratic principles?—again a strong affirmative, but some queries as to what these are, the current abuse of the term, and the practical

nature of such a course.

Christian teaching and philosophy?—as with the above courses, every faculty registered a majority in favor of such a course being available, though in these last two the total vote was slightly lower than in the two previous.

What else would you suggest?—several purpose a practical study of Socialism, Communism, Fascism and such present-day systems.

(e) Making it compulsory for technical students to take more courses of:

(a) cultural nature?

(b) political nature?

As with the above courses, every faculty indicated a quite definite approval of the inclusion of such studies. The opinion is not all of one sort of course. The word "compulsory" again was challenged by many who wanted them available. A few openly challenge the idea:

—"Do you honestly think we should waste our time taking cultural courses? Some of us enjoy reading Shakespeare, Milton, etc., and listening to the Metropolitan opera presentation on Saturday afternoon, but we don't consider we are making a contribution to the welfare of the nation when we do so."

From this and similar comments it would seem that definition of "culture" would be in order, as no one would be interested if it were clearly a waste of time. Just what content the majority put into the terms must be discovered outside the bounds of this questionnaire.

The suggestion was made that it would necessarily require a longer course, and thus may have to be held in abeyance for the time being.

the future

AIR TRANSPORTATION:

International air transport in the future will be affected, to a degree not yet determined, by the control necessary to ensure military security. Subject to this, and while the extension of international civil aviation will depend on the international political relations which may be established after the war, it is none the less true, and perhaps of more urgent importance, that the future of international relations may depend on the immediate post-war measures for the re-establishment of international air transport services.—H. O. M., in the Bulletin of International News.

INDUSTRY:

... If Germany keeps its cartel system it will be eternally armed for war, even though we destroy every plane and tank that Hitler has built. How are we going to handle I.G., Krupp, Siemens-Halske and other feudal industries which try to live by stifling competition and by identifying themselves with the motives and purposes of the monopoly state? I've been arguing this out lately with Daniel Bell, managing editor of The New Leader, who wants to create a "two-way pull" for democracy and peace within German industry by giving 25 per cent of the capital to a liberal government and selling all the other shares to workers engaged in the plants, with a limitation on the percentage of shares any individual or group can buy. If Mr. Bell hasn't found the best possible solution for the problem of the German cartels, he is at least asking the right questions. He is being realistic about the nature of the peace, which depends on right relationships of the civil order within nations.—John Chamberlain, in the New York Times.

SOLDIERS AND TRAITORS:

For the British to offer to transfer power here and now to a national government would doubtless make a good impression on many people, but it would not necessarily affect the party deadlock. ... Given agreement between the Congress and the Moslem League on a scheme of national government, I do not think that the British could or would resist the joint demand. The real question today is not whether Britain is prepared to give freedom, but whether India is prepared to take the freedom which is within her grasp. ... I have my doubts about one section of Congress. As President of the Punjab, I would not care to accept any national government about whose war policy there is any doubt. I do not want our soldiers, who are fighting today, to be treated as traitors tomorrow.—Sir Sikandar Hyat Khan.

QUOTEUNQUOTE.

6. Are you sufficiently interested in the status of students during wartime to attend a conference to discuss and clarify these issues?

As previously reported, approximately 80% of all who replied said "yes," some of them most emphatically.

7. We would appreciate your remarks:

Some brickbats, some bouquets and many suggestions and further elaborations of the answers filled the few lines provided, sometimes the back of the page and even an extra sheet upon occasion. They could not possibly be done justice to in this summary, and one could doubt how many readers have followed thus far in any case. Surely all have seen some of the marks of a democratic people in the interest and discussion that has been here reflected. May we all make use of the advantages, be wary of the dangers, and together become responsible citizens of the nation we defend.

THE ALCHEMIST'S .. RETORT ..

By Anne Ion

Greetings, soaks! Pull up a retort stand and gather around the good old crucible, and let's see what has been brewing since the last time. My, but this stuff has a potent odor. Take a deep breath and you'll feel exhilaration creeping over you. What a strange world this is up here floating around in the crucible vapors. It doesn't in the least resemble the good old basement of the good old Med building. We must be in the atomic world, because over there is a sign-post saying "S State" and "D Orbital." I'm going to whip around this one called "Hybrid Bond Orbital." Wheee! It's fun being an electron.

There's the Mighty Atom himself walking through the luminous vapor with a wash bottle in his hand. He has a very profound look on his face as if he were trying to decide whether to start up his watch or let it alone and pretend the minutes stand still. That was the Unbeatable Criterion over by the Emission Counter in the bargain basement. He was trying to purchase a Mercury Spectrum Line to make up for the one he lost last term. Gracious, I thought I heard an explosion! Maybe the scientists are bombarding us with the alpha particles again. No, it was just our little Glamour Boy Molecule playing with the selector switches, and he turned on the one that makes the Molecular Magnet undergo that reaction which a master of understatement termed "smiling out loud." Will he never learn?

That ion over by the sign-post looks important. I think I'll emit myself over there and see who it is. Wheee! Why, it's the Super Crystallizer, and he's carrying a stick in his hand. No, it's not a stick either, it's a big long benzoic acid crystal which he packs around to show that he earned the title. That must have been the Cathode Ray that just switched by, because no one else breaks the speed limits. I wonder if he's tracing out a sine wave for the Physics class. Here comes the Great Radical zooming along. Imagine that—he's quite human after all; he hates alarm clocks, likes dogs and smokes the driest tobacco I ever in my life rolled into cigarettes. That looks mighty like Willie over there in the Dorbital except that he is all wrapped up in Magenta.

Well, if it isn't my little pal, Kat(e) Ion. I almost whizzed past you because you were reading that book so diligently. What in atomic spheres can interest you so, anyway? The title says, "What Every Girl Should Know, or Jui Jitsu for the Millions." Well, translate me to Lead, who would ever have thought it?

But I hear a buzzing that grows to a roaring and culminates in a clanging. The world is fading, the electrons are disappearing, I'm falling! Oh, my nerves! It's just the alarm and I've got to get up and start another day. Maybe I'd better quit eating cheese sandwiches before I go to bed.

'Bye now, till the next time.

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UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Dear Mr. Taylor:

Your package of smokes arrived safely, and was a pleasant reminder of holidays Xmas in other times. The Trail arrived today, and is very welcome. I hope that subsequent copies will be sent along to us here. It is very interesting to note the alumni who are in the forces.

Some interesting facts for the records are the marriage of Reg Dowdell last month to an English girl—he is of our regiment. Ross Stuart was married on Boxing Day to Dorothy Wright (U. of A.H.), N.S. Molly Spohn was bridemaid and yours truly the best man. Dot's brother Howard gave her away—a 100 per cent U. of A. wedding in England. (Neither of the Wrights are in your list. Also missing are D. R. Stewart AD, Hugh Caldwell AD, and Jim Cairns (J.T.) AD.) Eby Quehl is

Yours faithfully,
KENT CARRUTHERS,
(Lieut., Signals).

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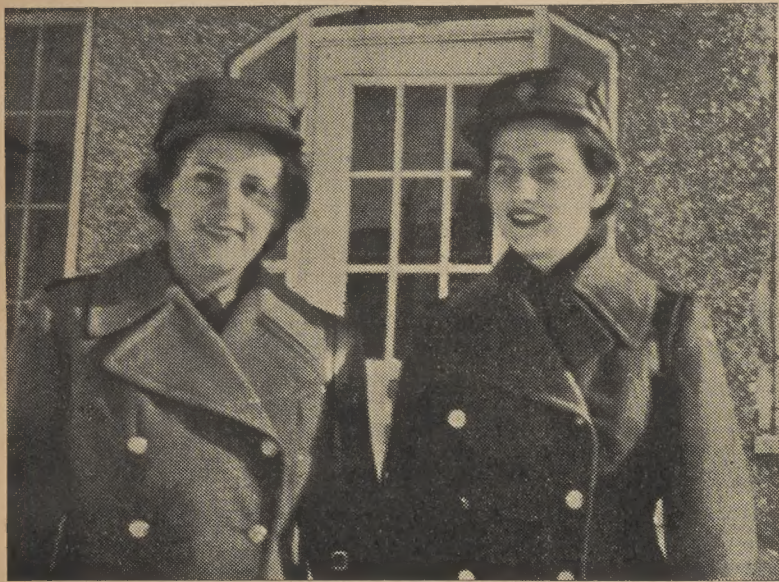
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Co-ed Parade

C.W.A.C's. ON CAMPUS



Co-ed Meds Enlist Along With Brothers

by Ev. Peterson

They're in the army now! Those two very smart looking C.W.A.C's you've been seeing around the campus this week are Rhoda Neil and Marion MacRay. Both girls, who have joined the ranks of the Canadian Women's Army, are in fifth year Medicine, and both are members of Pit Beta Phi fraternity. Rhoda is the daughter of W. E. Neil of Sutherland, Sask. She is 21 now and will be 23 when she graduates. Her original plans, had the war not interfered, were to do post-graduate work prior to specialized training. During the month of January Rhoda interned at the Saskatoon City Hospital, where, she says, she found the work both interesting and exciting. Some of the third year girls will remember living in Pembina with Rhoda.

Marion, who is 23, is an Edmonton girl, and the daughter of Rev. MacRay of the Baptist Board. Marion interned at the Ponoka Mental Hospital during January. As she has had no previous experience in this field, she feels that her month there did much to further her interest in this type of work. Marion, like Rhoda, also had plans of doing post-graduate work in the States, but has postponed her plans at least until after the war. After obtaining their degrees here and fulfilling their senior internships, the girls will be sent to a C.W.A.C. basic training centre for six weeks. (They hope it won't be Vermilion.) Upon the completion of their six weeks' training they will be transferred to the R.C.A.M.C. and given the ranks of captains.

Good luck to both!

HELP WANTED--MALE

By Phil Stack

I want a boy who doesn't think That a girl should pet and a girl should drink; I want a boy who doesn't drool, Like a poisoned pup, in a vestibule; I want a boy who can run a car That doesn't stop at the nearest bar; A boy whose stories are never shady; A boy who's fit for a perfect lady!

(And I'll search and I'll search till I find the lad For the dumbest girl friend I've ever had!)

Mammals Feature in Fashions!

While dashing through the halls from Tuck to Little Tuck a strange sight stopped me. Funny to see them in the Arts rotunda! And I'm not the least bit tight either! It was a string of elephants—one big one and five little ones following after each with their trunk attached to the tail of the one in front. So I dashed back to Tuck and started over again—slowly, this time. Yes, again I saw the elephants, but this time it wasn't huge big elephants, but nice little wooden carved elephants. And they were running their trail across the front of a pretty blue sweater, and the sweater on a pretty little dark girl named Bernice Thompson. This time I stopped, knowing that the elephants wouldn't trample me, and looked. They were really the cutest little things, and just as smart as smart. Just in case you're interested, go call on Bernice and she'll condescend to show you same—she might even get you some.

Also in the smart line are more mammals—these happen to be in the form of anything that your little heart desires. Make them and remake them—they are very versatile. What I'm referring to are the little "pipe-cleaner men." You can get those little many colored boxes at any tobacco shop—or at least you could last week—then take them and twist them, put little skirts on them, or make clowns out of them. It's fun.

We can't have a co-ed comments column without mentioning at least some of the wearables that are going the rounds. This week we noticed Hermie's white stockings. They are cute, and different. Lots of girls are taking up the fashion of different stockings—Sylvia Ness and Jean Massie turn to knee socks; Hazell Moore to some oddly knit beige hose, very different. We liked that, Hazell—and she tells us that it's from the States.

More another day—comes exams.

"Dr." Drake (making a diagnosis) —This man has spastic paralysis of his lips. Nurse—Oh, no, doctor; he's just waiting for the orderly to bring back his spittoon.

The Average Woman

She marries at the age of 24. Quarrels at least twice a month with her husband. Spends four years washing dishes. Is 5 feet 4 inches tall. Spends 2,784 hours (five years) gossiping. Weight 128 pounds—until she becomes careless about her figure. Spends \$313.00 in beauty parlors and \$387.00 on drug store cosmetics. Attends 3,027 movie matinees, many of them double features. Threatens at least eight times to go home to her mother—but never does. Spends three years and eight months on the telephone. Never learns to play a golf game that satisfies her husband. Buys 369 hats and 582 dresses. Devotes the best seven years of her life attempting to make her husband over—without success. Ruins three fenders on the car and tears off one garage door. Occasionally wishes she'd married someone else. Lives five years longer than her husband. Darns 4,827 pairs of socks. Never learns to drive a nail without hitting her thumb. And makes a darn good wife, in spite of it all.

STUDY TIME

'till

EXAMS

EIGHT WEEKS

ENGINEERS--SIX WEEKS

Like a Co-op House?

Is the water never hot when you want it? Do you have to wait 'til 12:30 for a cold dinner? Can't you have a second helping of potatoes if you want? Is your landlady taking the "save fuel campaign" too seriously? The perfect remedy, girls, is a co-op house. A number of girls interested held a meeting and felt that in spite of the obstacles, it could be done.

They were enthusiastic, but urged that more girls get in touch with Hazel Moore, 10560 83rd Ave, phone 32220. By no means a small argument for joining such a movement is the money to be saved. It has been shown by the men's co-op, set up on the Rochdale Plan, it can and does pay dividends.

The idea is that you pay so much a month for board and room, and any money not spent is given back to you as dividends at the end of the year. All members contribute an equal amount of time on duties, and this cuts down the expenses. Miss Winspear approves of the plan, but feels that the girls must get behind the movement themselves, so how about giving it a try and see how you would like it. After all, you can't lose anything by just getting the gist of it.

The Science Association, dedicated to the promotion of research in the University of Alberta, came into being in 1919. It is a voluntary organization established by the staff entirely on their own initiative, in three sections concerned respectively with physical, biological and social sciences.

PATTER

It would be so interesting if one were able to "coo" as do the doves. Such a wish comes after peering around a set of our ever-present "theatre lovers." Should sell them seats in a curtained lounging room.

Another theatre dislike is the running commentary or play by play report given by some so-and-so. "They are going to . . . you wait and see," or "Oh! he's mean to her! Hasn't she nice legs?" Perhaps it is a beauty lover: "O-h-h! isn't that lovely? That's super," all of course gushingly. "Why he is going to . . . a-h-h!" ad infinitum.

One might say, "Pride goeth before the cold," then confirm the suspicion on a very cold day, if not the first day, then the second. Sports clothes come high in favor, but they are seldom worn in sets. Some combinations (of sports clothes, scarves, hats (?), etc.) work for quite a weird effect on many. Approached from behind, you wonder—male or female? But the tone of the wails soon put away all doubt on that point. Many still wear their fur coats—only they cuddle deeper. What a fur coat lacks in cut it makes up in richness of appearance. Another thing, when seeing a gal at such a time wearing moccasins, I think of a saying I heard one time, "The heels make the girl." (Sorry girls, no offence meant.)

An impression—the Art's Library is something of a social centre. (Not an original thought, I know.) It has its advantages. You need not worry about entertainment there; if you are getting bored with your studies you visit someone; if they prove boring, or their jokes too corny, you can excuse yourself on the grounds of need for study and go back to work again. It is a cycle or isn't it?

A centre for much speculation, too. Take that picture on the north wall, west of the clock. Just what is it? Regardless of the position from which it is viewed, it looks the same—just like nothing. Did sort of wonder if it could be some good painter's bad dream, but a good painter's bad dream would be quite definitely more of a bad dream. Perhaps some enlightened or more im-

future fashions

by "a male"

Hey, Mom! Lookut me! On the Co-ed Page, of all places! Aintcha proud of your son? I'll bet Pop never—what? The article? Oh—well . . .

There's been some discussion lately on what the women'll be wearing after the war, so, being a mere male, I decided to put in my oar and give the masculine outlook an airing. And remember, men, these are just my ideas. Don't be afraid!

Briefly, my money's on comfort, color and simplicity. After an era of victory suits, narrow trousers, short coats and stuff, even the zoot-soot (or it is suit?) is going to look conservative. Full drapes, l-o-o-ng coats and roominess will be the order of the day. If you can bend over without disturbing the pants, you're right in there. (Or are you? Better check that first.) And anyway, men, you can always have them half-soled.

I'm not looking for too much color. The day men turn out in polka dot suits, with contrasting lapels, I'll trisect my oesophagus with paw's straight razor. However, after all that khaki and air force and navy blue, things should show a tendency toward a lighter vein.

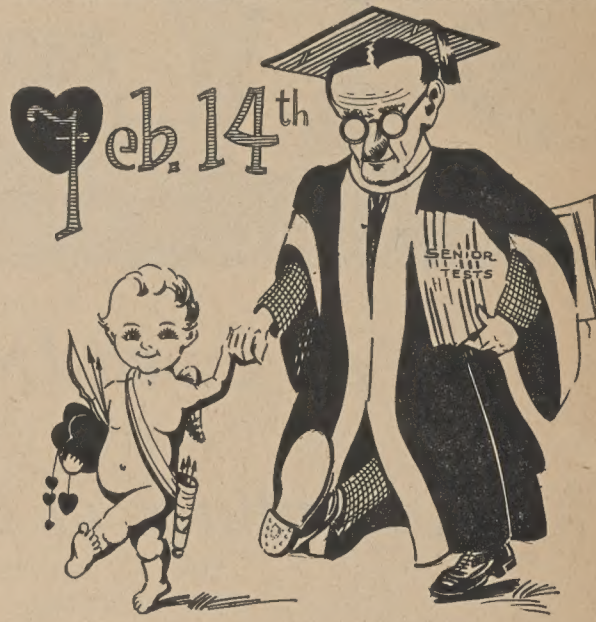
Of course, Adam had the ultimate in simplicity, but I don't think I'd prophesy anything so radical. Straight lines, fewer vests, ties, 'n' stuff (the government'll have your shirt by then!) and less and less formality should be part of future styles. Fabrics will be lighter, with perhaps a few plastic materials showing (hmm!), so look now for an air-conditioner, Johnny. As for U. of A., furs should still be the vogue.

Now, don't rush out immediately for a new wardrobe, men. Remember, the government may buy you a new one in April. Or are you the guy I've heard is studying?

Columbia University is opening up a new field for women by offering ten-week courses in electronics and in metals. The requirements are a high school diploma, mathematics and trigonometry and one year of college physics or its equivalent. Women specialists in these subjects are needed by the Naval Ordnance Laboratories, the Army Signal Corps, The Tennessee Valley Authority and some private corporations.

She sat on the steps at eventide Enjoying the balmy air. He came and asked, "May I sit at your side?" And she gave him a vacant stare.

agitative person can tell us what it is or is supposed to be. Enough of this patter—now I'll patter off (Ow-w-w). —PATTER PUFF.



(H)EARTFUL and (H)EARTLESS

-- valentine verses --

The 1943 vogue in Valentines seems to be running loose, for not more than two weeks ago "yours truly" went shopping for those little whatnots that everyone likes to receive. Perhaps it is the sense of the humor of the artists behind the scenes, or it may be that they think the world at large needs some stupid humor, and they are just all right.

One cute little number that I saw carried the little verse: "T's ashes to ashes, Dust to dust, But whatever you do, Don't let your bearings RUST!"

Another little number showed a lovely little lady with fascinating yellow curls (woolly ones), but the verse was the payoff: "I'm a nice little girl With a little yellow curl, And I may not suit you to the letter; But when I'm good—I'm very, very good, And when I'm bad, I'm even BETTER!"

Many, many more are pretty little things on the outside, but when you get on the inside you get a jolt—like the one that said, "I don't want you for a Valentine—You Rat!" Just what kind of Valentines are these? Seems to me Valentine greetings should run into red roses, or carnations, even lovely spring bouquets. Or those nice heart-shaped chocolate boxes, or fine linen handkerchiefs . . . a nice 'phone call across the continent (if he's one of those far-away heroes), or a wire—those singing telegrams make a big hit when they happen at dinner time at one of the girls' fraternity houses, or Weaver's, maybe. That's a hint to you, too, girls.

Smellum and junky jewelry take the lead in Valentine greetings along with flowers. Looking over last year's Valentine

greetings in The Gateway, we saw this little paragraph:

"For the tuber (apple-polisher), we think the ideal way to capture the prof's attention and the everlasting scorn of your fellows, is to send him a large, frilly heart and a verse inscribed therein, to wit: "I have the nicest professor, I think that he's just great, And if I had my way, you bet, I'd never graduate."

—you might try it—that is, if you definitely do want to go to Camrose or Vermilion come April.

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Women's War Work Roundup

by Harriet Leigh-Mallory, C.U.P. Staff Writer

Women's War Training has become compulsory on the majority of the Canadian campuses for the first time this year. However, since the outbreak of the war, women on all campuses have been actively engaged in voluntary war work of various types.

A mass meeting was held last spring by the women at the University of British Columbia, and the co-eds asked for compulsory war training which has been instituted there this year. However, at Manitoba, training has been compulsory for two years.

Not all the girls wear uniforms, but there is variety among those who do. The members of the University Detachments of the Canadian Red Cross Corps all wear the gray uniform, but tie and cap flash are the color of the particular University represented. At Saskatchewan the uniform is unique. There the girls wear black or blue skirts, white blouses, green tights, green windsores and walking brogues.

Training is required of all women at McGill, Queen's, British Columbia and Alberta, while at Toronto it is required of those in second, third and fourth years, and at McMaster, only those in the first and second years. The number of hours required varies from 60 to 110, or from two to four hours a week.

In the first year, basic training is given. This consists of a combination of First Aid, A.R.P. and either drill or physical training. In the second year a wide variety of different courses are offered on each campus. In this more advanced training, the student may specialize in the field in which she is most interested.

There are six University Detachments of the Canadian Red Cross Corps at present. These are at Toronto, McMaster, Queen's, McGill, MacDonald College, and the University of New Brunswick. Toronto was

the pioneer in this field, and the Detachment there has been in operation for three years. The latest to be formed is that at U.N.B.

Membership in the Detachment cannot be made compulsory owing to the constitution of the Canadian Red Cross Corps which is a purely voluntary organization. However, it serves as one of the choices for war work, and prepares those who later want to join the Red Cross Corps or similar organizations.

Courses in Home Nursing, Motor Mechanics, St. John's Ambulance, Red Cross Sewing, Emergency Feeding, Office Administration, are available on almost all the campuses as well as those basic courses already mentioned.

At Toronto the newest course is one in Community Needs and Resources, in which the lectures are supplemented by films and field trips which include visits to the city council, the juvenile court and the University Settlement. Other new courses this year at Toronto include Civic Day Nurseries (theory and practice), Nursing Aids (demonstrations and practical work in hospitals) and Recreational Leadership.

At Saskatchewan the girls have an opportunity to choose from five classes, including typing and filing, precision instruments and blue-prints, and radio mechanics as well as other courses.

At U.B.C. map reading and drafting supplement the motor mechanics course. The examination in map reading and drafting, if taken after the motor mechanics course, gives the student the rating of a third class army driver.

On completion of the course in measurements and instruments at U.B.C., the students would be qualified to take a position as inspector in a munitions factory.

Physical training as part of the war effort is emphasized at U.B.C.,

McGill and Manitoba and a varied athletic program is offered.

At Manitoba the girls are offered the choice of 10 courses. The Canteen course includes emergency feeding, food purchasing and cost control, sanitation, working schedules for emergency workers, and record keeping.

In the first year of the clerical course the women are given training in elementary bookkeeping, the writing of business and formal letters, filing, office technique and cultivation of personality. The second year students receive courses in typing.

Senior students who intend to enter the active forces upon graduation are encouraged to take Radio Telegraphy. Before entering this course, students must pass an aptitude test given by army authorities.

The Food Production course provides instruction in several phases of agricultural food production such as fruit and vegetable growing, bee-keeping, poultry raising, dairy cattle feeding and management, care and manufacture of milk, cream, butter and cheese, and insect control.

Some of the Manitoba students who took the Home Nursing course last year are now doing V.A.D. work.

At Queen's, included in the program are courses in orderly room procedure, signals and Red Cross quaiting. Students interested in Occupational Therapy teach soldiers handicrafts. Students who have studied Chemistry act as laboratory technicians in connection with the voluntary blood donations.

At McGill, much work is done by the senior students outside the University in laboratories, founding homes and other social agencies.

The girls at Mount Allison are knitting, taking First Aid courses and making garments for refugee children under the supervision of the clothing department.

"The Coke's in"



"That's the happy greeting heard today when a new supply of Coke arrives at a cooler. Folks wait for it . . . wait because the only thing like Coca-Cola is Coca-Cola itself. Customers smile and start moving up to pause and be refreshed.

"There's a cheerful spirit about this way of accepting wartime restrictions. Morale is high."

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U. of A. Co-ed Does Ottawa or The Adventures of Bashful Betty

By M.E.R.

Dear Marge:

It's May in Ottawa, Marge, and I am free. Fifty cents in my pocket today, and two dollars due on my rent when I come back to my boarding-house tonight. Some job, doing bill-collecting in a place scattered all over the landscape. Listen to me talking to myself when I'm out bill-collecting:

Well, let's see. One dollar due on this bill on the other side of town; that means twenty-five cents commission, less ten cents car fare—h, oh, guess that means I walk. Feet, quit yelling. I know you're sore from yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, and the—oh, skip it."

Marge, that's no fooling. My feet are sore, and I don't feel very happy any more about this little adventure in Horatio Alger. It doesn't seem very courageous now to have landed in here with a grin and sixteen dollars; it seems just plain foolish, and I can't help looking rather wryly at the ticket home that I carry in my pocket. Couldn't help thinking cuss-words at myself when I thought of the way I told you I didn't need any more money.

The only thing that cheers matters up is the fact that everyone is really grand. I have been almost adopted by the most important lawyer in town, and he and his wife are silver streaks in the dark clouds that surround me. Old acquaintances spend all their evenings showing me the city; I could really like it if I hadn't more troubles than I can handle.

This morning I went out job-hunting, and wrote out applications for every type of job except running a tractor. In the afternoon and evening I went bill-collecting, and netted twenty-five cents for all my work. And that's the way it has been now ever since I came here. Trade places?

Feel as though I should sign this like one of those letters to Dorothy Dix:

"DISGUSTED."

Dear Marge:

Great doings since my letter to you a few days ago. All kinds of things have happened.

Remember that I was doing bill-collecting? Well, I have a job now.

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"Open your hand," he said.

I opened my hand—and my dollar bill unrolled in my palm, and I was happy again. But you can bet I seized the opportunity to leave—and didn't stop until I was a block away. Then I took out my dollar bill and counted all one of it. It was safe. Marge, you would have to be down to your last dollar before you could realize what that meant to me. . . . But, oh Marge, it was fun. If I have time, maybe I'll take him up on his invitation to come back again. I know, I can see you laughing at the idea of me ever having five minutes without at least a dozen things to do.

There was another little bit of bad news in the good news of me getting a job. I have to move again, because now I'll not be needing a place with board, as long as I'm having my meals at the Chateau. However, now at least perhaps I can find a place where I can learn French. When I come back, I should be able to ask for anything on the menu, and get it without using too much sign language.

G'bye till next time.

BETTY.

Dear Marge:

So she said to me, "No, it is impossible." Marge, you would have laughed until the tears came to your eyes, to see me trying to bargain in broken French for a room from a French lady who was using broken English.

"But, Madame," I objected, in my very best Fuller Brush manner, and my remnants of high-school French, "of course I am expecting money any day now. I shall pay you then. And from tomorrow I shall be working at the Chateau Laurier. And I can pay you one dollar and fifty cents now, and the other ten-fifty very soon."

"No," she repeated emphatically, and summoned her husband to marshal more emphasis and broken English to the aid of the mixture we already had.

"I am expecting some money any day now, but it hasn't come yet; at the end of the month I shall be paid where I am working, but of course even before then I shall pay you."

"No," they both ejaculated. Only one chance left. "Madame, I have no place else to go. I have worked all day today at the Chateau Laurier, and done bill-collecting until it was dark, and now have been hunting for a place to stay. There is no other place that I have found to stay where they speak French. I love French," I said with pathos. "Let me stay here."

"Well. . . ."

"You will never be sorry, I assure you. You will never regret it."

The storm clouds began to clear. They looked sympathetic. Then they said, "Well, all right. But do you stay out late at nights?"

"Oh, always."

Wrong they to say. Before I could duck they handed me out a lecture on morals and morality, refused to rent me the room, and then it took me fifteen minutes to smooth down their feathers. When they finally agreed again, I found that I had promised to pay them another five dollars the next evening, and to be good and go to bed early for ever and ever, amen. I had no choice about it, Marge; all I could do was promise myself that I'd find some other French-speaking place as soon as the financial wrinkles left my forehead. But you know, when I brought back my suitcases that same evening, they had completely changed; they were all smiles, and offered me candy, and looked for cushions to put in my room to make it comfortable, and introduced me to their family and were really swell.

Next day, however, was the five-dollar financial worry. When I had finished work at the Chateau, I went out bill-collecting without success, until finally I gave up and drifted back to my old boarding-house, where the kind-hearted Irish landlady gave me a scolding for not having imposed on her hospitality; then she and a little French girl friend both offered me the money. Almost with tears in my eyes, I refused; but instead I borrowed from an ex-Westerner who had combed the town in the search for a French place for me to stay.

And, Marge, the very morning after, the money I was expecting, come through! Now I have paid off all my debts and can be happy again—until next time.

Here's a laugh—I'm writing this "on duty" as cashier in the dining-room, and just a second ago one of the waiters rushed up and asked if I had a pin. Major calamity: his

THE GANGSTER'S MONOLOGUE

(As Browning might have written "My Last Duchess")

That's my last moll,
Painted on the wall,
Looking as if she could jive.
I call that piece a wonder.
Slub worked busily at it for an hour.
I damn well say that picture has power.
Squat down and take a gander at her.
Her heart was—how shall I say—too soft to stand the third degree.

She liked everything she goggled at and she goggled plenty.
That diamond necklace, I lifted from Lady Mintleaves,
Those bottles of whisky from "Old John" the bootlegger,
That blue Buick in which she used to cruise about the town
All meant the same to her.

She talked to guys as if she ranked my criminal record
With that of any small-town crook.
I told her to snap out of it, stay away from small-time guys.

Her smiles stopped.
I had to take her for a ride.
Say, Pete—let's go down together—for another slug of gin.

—The Manitoban.

"L'Anglais est vraiment simple"

—Le Professor Cru

As early as 1900 the whole system of teaching modern languages in French schools was radically changed, in order to answer the modern point of view of practical and effective teaching. The acquiring of a foreign language was based on the following three considerations:

(1) **Continuity in learning**, which means that any student beginning a modern language should carry it through for at least six years.

(2) **Preparation of teachers** who, in order to teach languages should have studied at least one year in the country the language of which they teach.

(3) **Use of the Direct Method.** In the short limits of this article, I shall deal only with the third consideration, **Methods.**

As Modern Languages are living (vivantes), that is to say, the medium of expression of other peoples, the student should speak them, read them, write them; in short, possess these languages effectively. After the first elementary stage, all class work must be done in the foreign language by teacher and students. All texts must be read aloud and explained (lecture expliquée) as they are explained in the modern tongue. However, as the vocabulary of the students is naturally limited, the art of the teacher will consist in getting the maximum from these limited resources. A real teacher will make his class express many shades of meaning and even of thought with a minimum vocabulary. Little by little, with an increased vocabulary at his disposal, with greater confidence in his ability, the student will find it perfectly natural to express all his ideas in the foreign language. Speaking French in the English class will seem to him perfect nonsense. Hence, there is a perfect agreement between teacher, parents and students as to the way of learning a Modern Language. All three consider that the primary aim of the study is to attain a reasonably fluent ability in speaking the language as nearly as possible as the natives speak it. This direct, effective and practical method, far from delaying the progress, is the short cut to perfect possession of the language.

Aids Study of Literature

Does this method interfere with the study of literature? Far from it. Any person with simple common sense will understand that the students who can easily understand and speak the language will have no difficulty in reading the authors and interpreting their text with accuracy. Therefore, the first step towards a sound study of the foreign literature is a reasonable ability to understand and to speak. This seems so plainly evident that in this continent we have indeed difficulty in understanding why in Canada and in the United States there are still colleges and even universities where the foreign literature is still taught in English. It is in the foreign tongue that the teacher will give essential notions on the author read. This implies, of course, that the teacher himself has a good mastery of the spoken language. Further—

suspenders broke and he was worried.

Well, as they say in the story books, "End of Adventure Three."

Until next time.

BETTY.

Wo Strange Chemical . . . Reactions Vary Widely

B. H. Chartock, B.Sc.

The element called Woman is a member of the human family and has been assigned the chemical symbol Wo. The accepted atomic weight is 120, although a number of isotopes have been identified having a number of weights ranging from 95 to 400.

Occurrence:

It is abundant in nature and found both free and combined, usually associated with Man. That found in one's own locality is preferred.

Physical Properties:

A number of allotropic forms have been observed, their density, transparency, hardness, color, boiling-points varying within wide limits. The color exhibited by many specimens is a surface phenomenon, and is usually due to a closely adhering powder. It has been found that an unpolished specimen tends to turn green in the presence of a highly polished one. The boiling point for some varieties is quite low, while others are likely to freeze at any moment. All varieties melt under proper treatment. The taste varies from sweet to very bitter, depending upon environment and treatment.

Chemical Properties:

Wo absorbs, without dissolving in, a number of liquids, the activity being greatly increased by alcohol. Seemingly unlimited quantities of expensive food can also be absorbed. Some varieties catalyze this food into fat in accordance with the formula $PV=RT$. Many naturally occurring varieties are highly magnetic. In general, the magnetism varies inversely with the cube of the age. Some varieties tend to form Annesions, other Cat-ions. Their ionic migrations vary widely. All varieties exhibit great affinity for Ag, Au, and Pt, and for precious stones.

both in chain and ring structures. The valence towards this substances is high and its study is complicated by the fact that the residual valence is never satisfied.

Many stable and unstable unions have been described, the latter in the daily press. Some varieties being highly explosive, are exceedingly dangerous in inexperienced hands. In general, they tend to explode spontaneously when left alone by men. The application of pressure to different specimens of Wo produce such a variety of results as to defy the Principles of Le Chatelier.

Uses:

Highly ornamental, wide application in the arts and domestic sciences. Acts as a positive or negative catalyst, as the case may be. Useful as a tonic in the alleviation of suffering, sickness, low spirits, etc. Efficient as a cleaning agent, to equalize the distribution of wealth. Is probably the most powerful (income) reducing agent known.

—From the "Bachelor."

ARE YOU ONE?

Inasmuch as all good Engineers should be swing fans, a thesis on swing is not too out of place. Assuming that most of you have succumbed to syncope, let your efforts be turned to those poor souls who know none of the raptures of Le Hot Jazz. There may be the odd beerman who is on the borderline, doesn't know for himself whether he prefers Guy Lombardo or some smooth Ellington. This is the man who will be heard coming out of Tuck whistling some entrancing ditty like "Begin the Beguine," but on the other hand, to the profound disgust of us fans, will be heard a minute later giving forth on something like "You Are My Sunshine." So, for enlightenment, here is a little self-test, in the best traditions of the American Magazine, Reader's Digest, etc., (plug, plug). You have definitely been bitten with the swing bug, or at least have tremendous possibilities, if—

(1) You leap in ecstasy and thereby defy the law of gravity when a twirl of the dial happens on, say, B. Goodman's "Let's Dance," or something of like appeal.

(2) Even corny saxes sound nectarish to your ears after a prolonged lack of exposure to a radio.

(3) Your hair is no longer than about five (count 'em) inches.

It helps to be of about 1/64 African origin. They were born with it. For the benefit of all good Engineers who are to be found at home around 10:15 evenings, tune in KLO at 1430 k.c., and hear some pretty fair music, along with enthusiastic and refreshing announcing.

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LITERARY FEATURE
THE CASTLE

By M. M.

From a distance it looks like a castle, standing on the side of the hill above the city—beside it, the houses down below look grubby and insignificant. A steep path winds up from the road below through wild roses and saskatoons to the crest of the hill and the castle. It is only after you have climbed the steep path that you realize that what you thought was an old abandoned mansion with halls to explore and doors to open, is only a front hall with a hole in the outside wall that started to be a window, two crumbling side walls, and a stone floor.

When we were children, all walks and picnics led up to the old house. We didn't mind the fact that it had no stairs to climb and no roof. It was always a castle to us—we had never seen a real one, and ours was just what we expected of a castle. We weren't looking for a gloomy barn full of dark dusty corners—our castle was better than that, it was part of the hill and the wind and the sunlight. Wild roses didn't stop growing when they came to the tumble-down walls—they just grew in and over and around them. The sunshine and the rain weren't stopped by a vaulted ceiling, but poured in to make the castle full of the out-of-doors. The mountains and the river were always framed in the big front window. The sunset was never stopped by the walls, but like the roses came right into the castle, so that it was difficult to know whether the sky was reflecting the color from the floor, or the floor the color from the sky.

The path up to the castle from the road was steep and prickly around through patches of prickly rose bushes, so we weren't often interrupted in our play by grown-ups. Only children could be bothered with a hard climb which only led to a crumbling old stone house. There were always children up there—no matter when we went. Sometimes, if a child's mother insisted on accompanying him on a walk, he would lead her down the road at the bottom of the hill and look wistfully up at the castle and the children, but he would never take her up with him, because grown-ups were taboo up there—the castle was our escape from that world of grown-ups down below.

Up there we could forget arithmetic and spelling and the proper way to say how-do-you-do, and talk to other children about far away places and things. When we were lying on our backs on the warm stone floor, looking up at the blue sky, and lazily flicking flies off our noses, strange, imaginary things were real. The castle itself seemed imaginary, hanging on the side of the hill, laughing down at the river below, yet we could cut our knees if we banged them against the rough stone walls, and the stone floor was so hot to sit on on a warm summer day. Oh yes, the castle was there,

we weren't dreaming. Then maybe all those other lovely things that grown-ups said didn't exist would be there for us to touch, like the castle. We weren't even quite sure of the castle. We nearly always ran up the path as fast as we could, for fear our castle might vanish before we got there—especially on a summer evening, when the brown stone was transformed to a rosy pink by the sunset, and our castle looked as if it might fade right into the pink clouds and leave only the rose bushes behind.

The neighborhood grown-ups often wondered why we spent so much time up on the hill above the river. We could never explain why we wanted to go up there when things down below might be far more exciting. But there was no traffic by the castle, and no bicycles to fall off. The parents never complained, and we were left alone in our world up there.

Life was never dull on the hill. We made friends with other children up there, whom we never saw anywhere else. We had different ways of amusing ourselves at the castle. Some days we would sit on the sill of the front window and look down at the houses in the city below. They all looked so little from that window—like a cluster of flies on a fly-paper. Our own houses were there too, and if we could remember what color the roofs were, we could pick them out. It seemed silly to us to think of our mothers down there dusting and tidying and going to a lot of trouble to keep looking nice a house which was really only the size of a fly.

Some days we would sit on the window sill and spend hours telling stories. Every new child who found his way to the castle usually had a new story. A story which sounded silly and pointless when told in someone's back yard was exciting and real when it was told at the castle. Usually the stories were about the castle itself, and there were some about why it had never been finished. According to one story, it had been started by a man who was about to be married. It was for his wife and himself to live in after they came home from their honeymoon, and they had drawn up the plans together. The night before the wedding the girl had caught pneumonia and she died soon after. The man had moved away then, but he would never sell the lot or allow anyone to tear down the beginnings of his house. All this had happened years ago, according to the story, before any of us were born, and if the man were still alive he would be very old.

The most popular story about the beginnings of the castle was the one that was haunted. Apparently there had been some special ghost who had wandered over from the graveyard, which was not far away, and who took a special in-

terest in thwarting the plans of the poor builders. According to the story, everything had gone well until they got the walls and the floor built, and from then on, no matter how much they accomplished one day, the next morning only the walls and floor would remain. We never could settle the question why the ghost chose that particular house. Some said that the ghost was the owner's dead brother whom he had fought with years ago and who made up his mind not to forgive and forget—even on the other side of the grave. Others said that the ghost was just a pleasure-loving old chap, and that there was nothing much to do in the graveyard of an evening. Because the house was close to the graveyard, the ghost naturally chose it as the handiest place to have his fun.

There were other stories about the castle—the one the little boys loved best was an exciting story about spies. During the last war, they said, some spies had lived hidden in the old castle for a year and smuggled maps of the city out to a man who was always waiting in a boat down on the river. They had had a passage which went from one of the never-used sewer tunnels, right down under the hill to the river bank. The police had hunted for the spies for several months without ever being able to locate them, and they were caught only when a woman who lived in one of the houses by the river, noticed a man who rowed down the river every night singing "Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles."

The castle was a great place for games. There was no game that didn't seem more fun up there. Some days we would play run sheep run, and you never could imagine better hiding places—behind the side wall, in amongst the rose bushes, under the little stone bridge which went over a ditch at the bottom of the hill, inside one of the tunnels—all sorts of wonderful spots. We never could be enthusiastic about run sheep run in the city after playing it at the castle. Down there, there were just garage doors, and cars, and other stupid things to hide behind, which were horribly dull after the exciting nook and crannies we could find up by the castle.

Even dull old Tag was fun when we played it up at the castle. We would run over the stone walls and through the rose bushes—and sometimes right down to the bottom of the hill and up again. It was thrilling to run over those walls; terror of falling off and shame of getting caught all mixed up in our minds. Tag was a pretty rough game, and usually resulted in a skinned knee or two—and sometimes a few tears, but they usually dried up again—the castle wasn't conducive to tears.

Another favorite game was "Find the Smugglers' Passage." It didn't start out to be a game at all. We began one day to crawl through the tunnels under the stone floor in the hope of finding the underground path to the river. We didn't find one, but it was fun to look, and we did it often. We would organize ourselves into two teams, divide up the sewers into two, and get to work to find the tunnel. We never found it, but it was a good game, and we kept on trying.

Some days, instead of playing games or telling stories, we would sit on the board front window sill and talk about what we were going to do and be when we grew up. The front window sill was just the right place to talk about far-away things like growing up. As we sat and looked at the city, which looked very young and silly from there, we felt very big and important. They were very ambitious dreams that the walls of the castle heard. None of us was going to content himself with a quiet corner, but we were all going to be great in some way. Some of the little girls said they would be content to marry great men and have their greatness second hand, but most of the little girls and all of the little boys were going to make their own great names. We were sure we would be great actors and actresses, politicians, doctors, lawyers, writers, money-makers. The castle helped us. We didn't think we were going to be famous when we were sitting on that window sill, we believed with everything that was in us that we were going to be of that elite, whom people talk about with awe. Sometimes, perhaps, if we failed in spelling, or forgot to wash behind our

THE GATEWAY



FEBRUARY ALREADY?

ears, our mothers might tell us that we wouldn't amount to much, and they might almost convince us. But one look from the front window of the castle at the mountains across the valley, and faith in ourselves would come rushing back—just let them wait, we too would be famous!

Twilight was our favorite time at the castle. Even in daylight, the old stone walls seemed to us to be wrapped in some kind of enchantment; but as we sat at the window and watched the sun sink behind the mountains, and the sky turn from blue to rose and then to a dull blue grey, the river would become murky, the wind would moan softly, and the castle seemed to come alive with the whispers of a young girl excited about her wedding, or the hushed plans of cunning plotters, while from the dark corners of the front hall echoed the faint laughter of the old fun-loving ghost. If we strained, we could almost see a rowboat on the water and hear the strains of "Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles" come floating up from the river.

When darkness came to the castle, we usually ran down the hills as fast as possible, to get to the reassuring comfort of a street lamp. When the dull blue sky turned to black and the stars came out, the whispers and the laughter were likely to get out of control. We liked our ghosts and we wanted to see them—by daylight. But night was no time for eerie laughs and whispers in eerie castles. Night was the time to be safe in a brightly lighted room. . . .

I haven't been up to the old house lately. I don't think many of my contemporaries have been either. We still like the view, but we are beginning to believe the story about our castle that the older people tell—that it was started by a man with stones he got cheap because they were left over from a church. He had to abandon it because the hill was too steep for solid foundations, and for that reason he had never been able to sell the site. When we sit on the window sill in the twilight without hearing the echoes of sounds made by people of another world, we know that the castle is no longer ours: we are growing up. Other children have taken our places. They in turn will have to give up their seats at the front window when they forget how to look out over the river and the mountains and talked in excited whispers about the beautiful girl and the spies and the mean old ghost.

French Villages
Described By
Professor Cru

"French villages are characterized by their variety," stated Professor Albert Cru at the last meeting of the Cercle Francais, held Saturday, Jan. 30, in St. Joe's 102. One of the principal causes of this variety is the great variation of climate to be found in France; first, the climate of the north, Normandy and the north coast of Brittany, which greatly resembles the English climate; second, the Atlantic climate found along the west coast on the Bay of Biscay; third, the Spanish climate, found in the provinces protected by the almost impassable Pyrenees; fourth, the Mediterranean climate found, of course, along the Mediterranean coast; fifth, the Italian type, and lastly, that of the Alps. Also contributing to a variety of climatic backgrounds is the variation in the level of the land, from the lowland bordering Belgium, which are below sea-level and rising to Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe.

To be really appreciated, a jewel should have its setting, and so with the French villages. After assimilating the background and the feeling which frames these villages, one has a substantial knowledge of the French national character. M. Cru ensured a vivid impression on his audience by using pictures depicting many French villages and their natural settings. Among the many illustrations displayed were the beaches of Brittany, which are little patronized because of the cold water; Angers, whence issued the English line of Plantagenet kings; St. Malo, the walled port where Chateaubriand is buried and from which Jacques Cartier sailed away to discover our own land. Also shown were several views of the lovely villages on the Cote d'Azur, where the houses are almost covered with flowers and the sea is bluer than the sky.

Mlle. Jean Eagleon performed a piano solo, "Suite l'Arlesienne." The meeting was closed with the singing of La Marseillaise.

Student Describes Feat of Physics Department
Vital Plane Parts Tested in Industrial X-Ray Lab.

By H. T. Stevinson

About the middle of last March the urgent need arose to have vitally needed aeroplanes motor parts made in Edmonton. These had formerly been produced in the old country, The aluminum parts were of such a special nature that they must be absolutely uniform and devoid of flaws to ensure their proper operation. This was, namely, to shear off and release their load at exactly 4,000 pounds. Shearing too soon or too late could easily result in a loss of life.

A plant in Edmonton was found willing to undertake their manufacture, but a long and tiresome process of perfecting technique had to be gone through before even one good part was available. There was at that time no industrial X-ray lab. in Edmonton, so the procedure was to make up a small batch of parts, ship them to Vancouver, where they were X-rayed and the pictures and castings returned for study. This, of course, made development extremely slow, since hundreds of improvements in manufacturing procedure had to be made. Finally, the University of Alberta was consulted for a solution to the problem.

The result was that Dr. H. E. Johns of the Physics Department was asked to set up an experimental X-ray unit that would allow pictures to be taken through these parts for the purpose of detecting flaws, bubbles, cracks, non-uniform material and many other highly technical items. It was about at this point that the writer became interested, and was asked to help. After carefully thinking over the factors involved, Dr. Johns agreed to try to take the pictures required.

The important items to be considered were:

1. That flaws whose greatest dimensions was 1 per cent of the total part thickness should be clearly shown in the picture.
2. That complete penetration of 3 inches of aluminum alloy should be achieved.
3. That in any picture it must be possible to predict accurately how small a flaw would actually be shown up if it were there.

It might be well at this point to discuss briefly the theory involved. An X-ray tube consists of two elements enclosed in a glass envelope that has been evacuated to a very high degree. One of these elements, the cathode, consisting of a tungsten filament, can be heated to a point where it just begins to emit electrons from its surface. If at the same time a very high direct voltage is applied to the other element or anode, the electrons will be drawn at a high speed (100,000 miles per second) to the anode where they are capable of crashing right on through the outer electron rings in the atom, with the result that they are able to knock an electron close to the nucleus out of the atom. The energy required to do this is large, so that when the electron falls back an electromagnetic radiation of very high frequency results. This radiation was originally called X-radiation because it was not understood. When a tungsten anode is used this wave vibrates through 15,000,000,000,000,000 complete cycles in one second. These strange waves have lengths (0.210 cm.) comparable with the distances between the molecules in the castings to be tested so that they are capable of passing through considerable thicknesses of the metal. The principle is then to generate these extremely short waves by using 100,000 volts or so on an X-ray tube, place the casting in their path and directly behind the casting place an X-ray-sensitive film. The rays then pass around and through the object. The density of the deposit on the film when it is developed is proportional to the intensity and duration of the X-ray at the given point. The result is that any flow such as a bubble in the casting will offer less impedance to the passage of the ray, and will show up as a dark spot on the film.

This spot, however, would theoretically be sharp only as long as the X-rays came from a point source. Early X-ray anodes present a source of about 1 centimeter in diameter. The practical remedy was, of course, to sacrifice power and move the object far enough away to make this appear as a point source. It was calculated that a distance of about 1 1/2 meter would give conditions sharp enough to show up a 1 per cent flaw. Ordering parts for the experimental set-up was out of the question, so Dr. Johns began to collect more or less suitable parts for the apparatus. A set-up was finally achieved in Arts 146 with a small tube cooled by radiation only. A high voltage transformer supplied an alternating 100,000 volts which was changed to the required direct potential by the use of a very high vacuum rectifier called a "kenetron." Two main troubles appeared at this stage. First was to keep the

excessively high voltage necessary from jumping all over. When the apparatus was brought up to full voltage it would begin to spit and sputter. In the dark, bright coronas could be seen at every sharp corner, and many times sparks ten inches long were encountered. This chance to work with high voltage proved extremely interesting and quite often exciting. The high voltages were measured by their ability to jump a sphere gap preset to the proper distance. When they did jump, the heat produced was sufficient to vaporize small amounts of the metal spheres, causing a crack like a pistol shot. These first shots succeeded in attracting four or five janitors to the scene with brooms and dust pans. After each change in the set-up the voltage would be brought up very slowly, while every muscle tensed for fear the spark would appear, not at the gap, but at some cleverly hidden point we had not foreseen.

The second major problem was cooling the tube. So terrific was the electronic bombardment of the anode that runs of fifteen seconds only could be made before the tungsten would be white hot and ready to melt. At that time only one or two castings could be done at once, and each exposure ran two to three minutes. Thus an exposure took eight fifteen-second shots with a five minute wait for cooling between each, so that usually thirty to forty-five minutes was used exposing each film. The films of course had to be developed, which consumed another half-hour.

Most important of all—the pictures were fuzzy. This was traced to secondary radiation. Whenever X-rays strike an object they cause the object itself to give off X-rays. These were coming from various angles and blurring the film. Much of the trouble was cleared up by using a thin lead screen in front of the film and a thick one behind it. The thick one behind absorbed X-rays that would otherwise pass through to the floor and back up to the film. The screen in front filtered out all but the "hard" rays coming directly from the source. Finally a 1 per cent flaw was detected, and the pictures were considered good enough for the purpose.

Larger films were procured, and an effort was made to make better use of the high voltage available by smoothing it out with condensers. A bank of eight each rated at 18,000 volts was used. The apparatus then became a truly lethal machine, as Dr. Johns will testify. The condensers had been fully discharged and left for three days. On returning an attempt was made to remove a lead whereupon a spark 1 inch long jumped out to his fingers, through his body and out his leg to the radiator. The condensers stored so much energy that the report across the sphere gap increased ten times.

Early in May, President Newton arranged with the Research Council for the purchase of a new X-ray tube, and Dr. Johns was sent to Ottawa for study in the X-ray Department of the National Research Council. The result was that he brought back many new ideas and the promise of a shipment of a big industrial X-ray tube that had long been coveted. It was a month or two, however, before this would arrive, so research was continued in the speeding up process. Much more sensitive film was procured, and up to nine casting could now be done at an exposure of as low as 30 seconds in some cases. This speed-up was a big help.

However, it was still necessary to work nearly every night and Sundays to keep up with the plant, which was doing its best to fill urgent orders. They, too, had improved from over 60 per cent rejects to about 30 per cent rejected parts. Continual comparing of X-ray pictures with the shearing strength of countless castings actually broken

under test allowed very accurate determination of the position and size of the dangerous type flaw.

Graphs had been worked out so that the exposure time and voltage required for any desired flaw to be shown up could be instantly determined. Charts were necessary to vary the developing time, as the developer weakened with use. A myriad of improvements were devised. The complete set-up was rebuilt several times.

Finally, the big new 140,000 volt industrial type tube arrived. It was oil immersed, shock-proof and water cooled, so that it could be run continuously without danger of overheating or shock to the operator. It also presented a source of only 2 mm. diameter so that pictures could be taken much closer to it, and consequently in a much shorter exposure time. Automatic circuits were employed to turn on the water when the tube was operated, others stood constant guard to prevent damage during overloads. Two high voltage "kenetrons" had to be used in the power supply. A large and more convenient developing tank (capable of handling 14-inch by 17-inch) was secured, and developing procedure shortened. All summer the improving technique had resulted in ever clearer pictures, so that with the new tube set up and in operation a highly satisfactory system was the result.

Forty castings could now be taken at one exposure (200 castings per night), so it was possible to give the plant almost overnight service. Largely due to the convenience of getting the X-ray returns so soon the plant was able to improve their technique until now only about 5 per cent of their parts are rejected. Now parts are being turned out at top speed with no fear of being held up for X-ray pictures.

During the whole project it was a pleasure for the writer to watch the result of the application of Dr. Johns' keen ability and experience in research work to the solution of such practical problems.

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BE SURE TO SEE THE BASKETBALL GAME AT THE DRILL HALL SATURDAY, AT 1:30; VARSITY GIRLS VS C.W.A.C.

GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Varsity Girls Drop First Game To C.W.A.C.

JUNE CAUSGROVE STARS FOR VARSITY

Rough Play Results in 21-20 Score

MARY PEDAN, FORDE, C.W.A.C. EXPERTS

In the first game of this school year, the Senior Women's basketball team saw defeat at the hands of the C.W.A.C. squad—but the defeat was by one point. The teams were very evenly matched, and although the army had no substitutes, the Varsity girls were not in as good condition. The regular routine of army life seems to agree with the girls—it is too bad the University of Alberta cannot institute something like that. Oh, my goodness, what am I saying?

It was a rugged, hard battle all the way, from the starting whistle to the final yell of "Time". At times it was for all the world like a football game. You know, heap of writhing humanity on the floor, ball posing demurely in the dim distance, everyone completely ignoring said ball.

There was no track kept of individual scores, but the final one was 21-20. No one, not even the scorekeeper, was sure exactly which side was winning most of the time. The teams fought for the lead the whole time, and neither could keep out in front for any length of play.

Even if we are not certain who made how many points, we have a pretty good idea who sank most of the baskets. Right now may we say "Thank goodness for Causegrove," and the C.W.A.C.'s may be thankful that Mary Pedan was in such good form. Without June Causegrove's smooth playing and her accurate shooting, Varsity would have—well, you know what happened last year.

Mary Pedan was the star of the army team. She set up most of the plays, and her fake shot had the Varsity team completely bewildered for some time. Pedan's playing was pepped up by the support of Forde. Forde's game was very fast and hard to follow, and she really kept her check on her toes.

Gordie Ferguson's very candid opinion of the Varsity team's playing was that the girls didn't get their passes away in time. Although they played a good defensive game, their offensive didn't click as often as it should have, chiefly because of their soft "Sunday school" passes. Any glaring errors any of the girls made have been forgiven because it was the team's first game since they have been playing together.

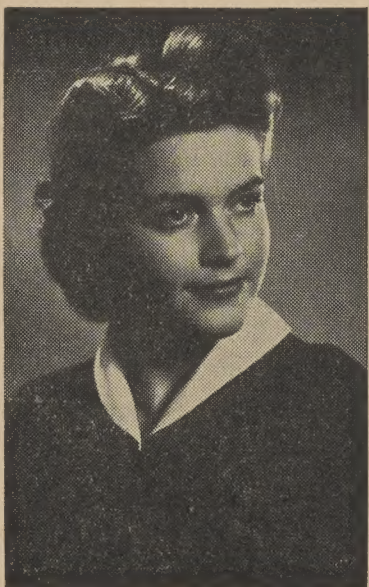
We hope to see Lois Belyea in better shape next game. She was suffering from a severe cold last Saturday, and consequently could not play as well as she usually does. Betty Johnstone turned in her usual smooth game, and the presence of Judy Ree really helped everything along.

The lineup for the Army was Pedan, Culver, Forde, Scott and Willis. Varsity had out Causegrove, Belyea, Lind, Johnstone, Ree, Andrews, McDougall and Wiltzen.

A return game will be played next Saturday at 1:30, this time without the accompaniment of C.O.T.C. and Aux. Batt. commands. The army will be bringing several more girls with them, and the Varsity team hopes to be in better shape, so it should be a peppy, interesting game. If you have a desire to give your lungs some exercise, and see a good rough game of basketball at the same time, come over to the Drill Hall on Saturday.

P.S.—If this weather holds out, you'd better bring some blankets, too.

LOIS BELYEA



Lois Belyea, who as Captain and Manager of the Women's Senior Basketball team, is leading her companions into action against the C.W.A.C. team in the second game of the season.

Scoring Honors Keenly Fought

A real duel is being waged for top scoring honors in the interfac hockey circuit. Interest in this phase of the league's activities was heightened over the last week-end by the announcement of Hockey Director Moher that Mr. Doug Kilburn, prominent golfer and manager of the Smile Hat Shop, will award a shiny new headpiece to the puck-chaser who succeeds in clinching the number one spot at the conclusion of the season.

Right now, Barss Dimock, Arts centre man, has a slim one point lead over team-mates J. Quigley and Ray Lemieux. Dimock has 8 points to 7 for the other two. Others very much in the hunt at this time are Gib Brimacombe of the Arts, J. Simpson of the Engineers, and F. Quigley and Bus Younger of the A-C-L. It is still a wide open race.

Leading Scorers

	G.	A.	Pts	P
B. Dimock, Arts	2	6	8	0
R. Lemieux, Arts	6	1	7	0
J. Quigley, Arts	1	6	7	12
B. Younger, A-C-L	1	4	5	0
J. Simpson, Eng.	4	1	5	0
G. Brimacombe, Arts	3	2	5	0
F. Quigley, A-C-L	2	3	5	0

An old Dutchwoman was arrested for listening to B.B.C. broadcasts from London and hailed before a Nazi court.

"Why did you do this?" asked the judge.

"Oh, but your Honor," she replied, "Hitler told us he would be in London in October, 1940. I have been listening every day since then. I would not want to miss Der Fuehrer."

L.D.S. Boys Whip Golden Bears 42-21

All Varsity Field Shots Scored by Jack McInnis

POOR SHOOTING BY VARSITY TEAM

Sontag Stars for L.D.S.

Varsity took a definite trimming at the hands of the Latter Day Saints on Tuesday night in the Westglen gymnasium. Playing before a large crowd, the Golden Bears lost a hard-fought battle to a superior L.D.S. group. Starring for Varsity was Jack McInnis, a Dent student who not only played a marvellous checking game, but was high scorer for the evening, netting 17 points alone. McInnis has not played with the Bears very long; in fact, this is the third time he has appeared with them—a glance at the scoring lineup will reveal how important a member he has become. Out of 14 tries he managed to sink 8, which is a fine average.

In the first quarter, Varsity played good basketball; in fact, it was the kind of basketball that they played when they were getting all the wins, and hopes ran high. Here McInnis netted five points out of the seven that Varsity counted that period. The Saints dropped 12 points.

In the second quarter Varsity played ragged basketball, strongly flavored with missing shots. Eighteen times they tried and as many times they failed to score. The L.D.S. picked up another seven points, to make the score at the end of the second 19-7.

After half-time, Varsity picked up a little. In the third quarter the boys netted another five points; but the L.D.S. gained another seventeen. It was a bleak looking score at the close of the third, 36-12.

In the fourth period Varsity managed to rally themselves and out-score the L.D.S. boys 9-6. Again it was McInnis who did the scoring, getting eight of the nine points. McInnis was the only Varsity man who did score a field goal—all the other points were made by free shots. The final score was 42-21.

For the Saints it was Phil Sontag who was high scorer again, netting fifteen points. Blayne Stevens dropped in nine points, and another nine were divided between H. Francis and

B. G. Kirkham. Al Manifold, the Engineer, played his usual fine game a guard, but only one point did he make and that on a free shot—his three field shots failed to click. Burns Larson, the Arts and Science Faculty's contribution to the Senior squad, also netted a point. Sam Sheckter scored two on free shots.

Well, it is not quite finished yet, but it all hangs on a big "if." If the U.S. Engineers defeat the L.D.S. on Thursday and if the Varsity squad is able to beat the Y.M.C.A. on Thursday, the boys will make the playoffs—otherwise, it has been a great fight.

Latter Day Saints

	A	FG	FSA	FSM	P	Pt.
Sontag	22	6	4	3	0	15
Pendleton	5	0	1	0	1	0
Baker	6	3	3	3	1	9
Wood	1	0	0	0	2	0
Stevens	6	4	1	1	3	9
Francis	6	2	1	1	2	5
Kirkham	3	2	0	0	2	4
Zobrist	3	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 52 17 10 8 11 42

Varsity

	A	FG	FSA	FSM	P	Pt.
Dumont	0	0	0	0	3	0
Manifold	3	0	1	1	3	1
McInnis	14	8	3	1	0	17
Switzer	9	0	2	0	0	0
Sheckter	14	0	3	2	1	2
Larson	6	0	3	1	2	1
Walker	8	0	1	0	0	0
Nishio	1	0	0	0	0	0

Total 55 8 13 5 9 21

Ag-Com-Law Win Against Eng. 6-2

Setters, Torrance Play Fine Games

Ag-Com-Law vs. Engineers, 6-2
Highlight of the current hockey season to date was undoubtedly the smashing 6-2 triumph scored by the Ag-Com-Law over the Engineers at their last meeting. It wasn't just the fact of chalking up the win by so convincing a count, as the manner in which it was done. For Ag-Com-Law were caught desperately short-handed for this one, having only 6 players on hand to start the contest. This number was later swelled to 8 by the arrival of Bus Younger and Jim Taylor. Engineers, a very well organized gang, had an even dozen men in uniform, including the newly acquired Paul Druin. It must have looked like a soft touch to them.

However, acting on Coach Schrader's orders, "the Blues" played it very cagey during the first period. The six good men and two were instructed to "stay out of the corners," "check them on every rush," "don't do any unnecessary skating"—and it worked out. Best Engineers could do in this opening 20 minutes was to split a pair of goals, Gordon for Ag-Com-Law and Simpson being the marksmen.

The original 6 had become 8 by the time the second period opened, and they quickly assumed control of the proceedings. Schrader, Taylor, F. Quigley, Fraser and Younger began to carry the play to the Engineers, and with Ken Torrance in goal, turning absolutely the best net-minding performance seen in the circuit so far this year, there was no halting the inspired A-C-L's. Actually, the Engineers were still very much in the game, until 3:27 of the last period. At this point Quigley and Younger combined to put their side ahead 4-2, and later goals by Schrader and Younger were superfluous.

It was sweet medicine for Ag-Com-Law, but Coach Simpson of the Engineers, reacted as follows: "Say, fellows, we better have a practice," and not a bad idea for any hockey team in such a spot. Jack Setters turned in a sparkling game in the Engineers' net.

Stars — Torrance, Schrader, F. Quigley.

One dark night in Prague a Czech policeman spotted a man who appeared to be chalking something on a wall. Going closer he saw, written in Czech, the words, "Perish Hitler!"

Immediately he shouted indignantly at his countryman:

"Fool! Haven't you heard that all public inscriptions must be written first in German and then in Czech?"

Sports Equipment Being Checked Up

All Team Managers Must Co-operate

A special committee investigated the Check Room situation and following is a list of recommendations that were drawn up for governing Check Room hours. It is highly recommended that all organizations intending to use the check room co-operate to the fullest extent with Grant Simington, the Central Check man, informing him when their leagues have drawn to a close, etc.

Recommendations

1. That any equipment from last year that has not been returned be reported to the Students' Union.
2. That the Students' Union be notified immediately if any equipment is not promptly returned.
3. That all outgoing equipment be checked upon special cards and checked again upon return.
4. That no one be allowed behind the Central Check desk except the Central Check man. The only exception to this rule will be when one team manager is permitted to help in the selection of special equipment.
5. That all equipment be itemized and lists be given to the Students' Union, M.A.B., and W.A.A., with one list to be kept in the Central Check room.
6. That the Central Check man turn in regular reports to the Students' Union.
7. That the following hours be kept by the Central Check man:
Monday 6-7
Tuesday 6-8
Wednesday 6-8
Thursday 6-9
Friday
Saturday 1-3
Total, 10 hours.
8. That all Athletic and other clubs using Central Check be advised to co-operate with the Central Check man in the maintenance of this schedule.

Volleyball League Ends; Education in Top Place

House Ec. Defaults Last Series

LEAGUE STANDING

Education	1
Arts	2
Science	3
Nurses	4
House Ec.	5

A cold wind swept across the campus, but thirty ladies turned out at the Drill Hall gymnasium for the volleyball finals. There were Science girls, Arts girls, Education girls, Nurses, and one representative from the House Eccers. Inside the Drill Hall the thermometer read 22 degrees above—which meant that there were ten degrees of frost! Undaunted, these ladies decided to play anyway. Seated in the spectator's gallery was Miss Winspear, the loyal supporter of any campus activity. Her presence was greatly appreciated.

The girls trotted on to the floor with fur coats, mittens and scarves. One young lady cleverly matched red mittens with a red nose. Some of the girls played with mitts on, and in spite of the handicap did very well; others blew upon their fingertips to keep them warm. Since House Ec. defaulted, Jean Bridgeman, the sole representative, played for the Science team. All of the games were exciting, and all the girls were enthusiastic, which more than compensated for the cold atmosphere. Two games were played at a time; then the points were totaled, and it was found that Arts and Science were tied for top honors. Playoffs followed in the form of a sudden-death game, in which the Arts defeated Science 15-7. The Nurses, who put in their first appearance of the league, won two games out of three, which put them in fourth place. There follows a list of the scores and players:

Games:
Arts vs. Education, 15-4.
Nurses vs. Science, 15-11.
Nurses vs. Arts, 15-12.
Science vs. Education, 10-15.
Arts vs. Science, 15-11.
Nurses vs. Education, 6-15.
Arts vs. Science, 15-7.
Players:
Science — Sheila McRae, Roma Ballhorn, Betty Gordon, Ninna Young, Marjorie Lough, Louise Morrison, Peggy Morgan, Jean Bridgeman.
Education—Lillian Gibson, Marjorie Grant, Blanche Aston, Dorothy Soby, Catherine Pierce, Mavis Mallabone, Marg Heywood.
Nurses — Erma Underdahl, Aline

"Name?" queried the immigration official.
"Sneeze," replied the Chinese proudly.
The official looked hard at him.
"Is that your Chinese name?" he asked.
"No, Melican name," said the Oriental blandly.
"Then let's have your native name."
"Ah Choo."

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In the Spotlight

By Gerry Larue

Women's Interfaculty volleyball finals provided plenty of fun for the girls who braved the cold weather. This time the Nurses were out in full force, but it was the House Eccers who slipped—all except one, who was out to support her faculty. The league exhibited some of the best bits of sportsmanship of the year. Congratulations, girls!

It looks as if it is going to be necessary to do a little bit of house-cleaning in the Senior basketball circles. Evidently things have not been going as smoothly as certain parties would have us believe. We hope to have a little more on this in the near future.

Because they lost to the C.W.A.C.'s last week doesn't mean that the Women's Senior basketball team isn't as good as it should be. On Saturday these two teams meet again, and this time we hope it will be a different story—and somehow we think it will. A good honest supporting crowd would help!

Well, the last turn in the final lap of the sporting race is being turned for this season. Women's interfac basketball and volleyball have concluded a very successful season; hockey will soon be in the finals; the Overtown basketball league is near the playoffs, and Bob Dumont hopes to play the last interfac basketball game some time next week. It won't be long now, so here is the last opportunity to see this season's teams go into action. Why not give a little support?

When Neil Carr breaks a leg he does it properly. That bandaged limb you see him carefully dragging up and down the stairs is fractured in three different places below the knee. We are glad to see you back, Neil, and hope you will be back in your usual circle of activities before long.

Some time in the near future the Outdoor Club is hoping to sponsor a Skating Party on the Varsity rink. We hope this will be possible. There will be difficulties, as have been pointed out, or there is not adequate accommodation for anything like this at the present time. With a little co-operation this club will see it through.

Education Leads in Rose Bowl Contest

As the sports season nears its close, you might be interested in the league standing. Unless you have been following the bulletin board closely, the results will probably be a surprise to you. In former years the Nurses have been reposing complacently in the lead, but not this year; in fact, even House Ec. is ahead of them (not much though).

Education	405
Arts	390
Science	375
House Ec.	245
Nurses	225

There is some hope of an upset if the interfaculty assault-at-arms comes off, as is hoped for. Otherwise the situation will have to be accepted as it stands, and our cheers will go to the Education team.

Theatre Directory

ODEON

RIALTO—Beginning Friday, two ace hits—"Bells of Capistrano," starring Gene Autrey, and "Escape from Hong Kong," with Leo Carrillo, Andy Devine and Don Terry.

VARSCONA—Held over, Sonja Henie in "Everything Happens at Night," with Ray Milland and Robt. Cummings; also Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda in "Drums Along the Mohawk."

FAMOUS PLAYERS

CAPITOL—Playing all week, Hedy Lamarr and Walter Pidgeon in "White Congo," a picture everybody should see.

EMPRESS—Beginning Friday, "Ice Capades Review," with Ellen Drew and Richard Denning; several added Shorts.

GARNEAU—Playing Friday and Saturday, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope in "The Road to Morocco."

PRINCESS—Beginning Friday, "Saboteur," with Robert Cummings and Priscilla Lane; also "Rings On Her Fingers," with Henry Fonda.

STRAND—Starting Friday, "Rio Rita," with Abbott and Costello, plus "Go West, Young Lady."

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